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# Eazy

## Going Bad & Black

Better than anyone, Eazy knows that it's difficult to shake a proper Midwestern upbringing. For years, she epitomized the mentality of the white-bread Corn Belt. Raised by God-fearin' parents, she had never so much as palmed a stick of gum. Something inexplicable changed when she hit her mid-30s. For some reason, she started rebelling against everything for which she once stood. Practically overnight, she started, not just toeing boundaries, but kicking them to the curb.







Though she couldn't explain her new urge to sin, she just couldn't help herself. Not that she wanted to. She'd always been very circumspect when it came to sex - and this was something she was determined to change.









She had been raised in a very segregated town and fucking over racial boundaries was unheard of - except by "sluts." Well, Ezzy wanted some big black cock, and if that made her a slut, that was just fine with her. She soon realized what she'd been missing out on.















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True, she didn't have much sexual experience with which to compare, but nothing so far could compare to the sensations she now felt. She'd never been stretched so wide or cum so quickly.















It might have taken her a while to get to this point, but now that she's had a taste, she's not about to stop.

If you think you have something Ezzy might like, give her a call.


**800-482-9447**

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Missy and Rick have been dating for quite some time. Back in the day, Missy had been quite the party girl, but her behavior had been tempered by the fact that Rick was a real stand-up guy and she didn't want to do anything to ruin her chances with him. Little did she know that one of his hottest fantasies was sharing his sexy girlfriend with another guy (he loved the fact that she still looked much younger than she actually was). One night after a few too many drinks, Rick admitted his fixation and set Missy's wheels to turning.


# Missy

## Banging My Boyfriend's Best Friend







A blonde woman with long, wavy hair is posing outdoors. She is wearing a light pink, semi-transparent bodysuit with lace trim along the edges. She is holding the bodysuit up with her hands, revealing her breasts and pubic area. She has orange nail polish on her fingers. She is standing against a brick wall, with a white building and greenery visible in the background.

Missy'd always had a mini-crush on Rick's best pal, Pete, so when Rick told her about his fantasy, she saw this as a perfect way to get her two favorite men in bed.









It didn't take much to convince Rick of the plan and before she knew it, she was being spit-roasted by two deliciously hard cocks.












A blonde woman with long, wavy hair is lying on her back, looking directly at the camera with a slightly pouting expression. She is wearing a light pink, sheer mesh top with thin straps. A man's penis is visible inserted into her rectum. The background is a plain white wall with a decorative, framed picture of a plant hanging on it.

Though she'd always enjoyed anal, it was even hotter when she thought about the fact that her boyfriend was watching his friend shamelessly skewer her rump.














Two creamy cocks was almost more than she could manage, but she figured that with practice, she'd get the hang of it. And you better bet she'll get plenty of practice in the future. If you'd like to be the next to join the fun, call:

**800-230-8887**





*If you have a story about one or more of your erotic experiences, then go write ahead. You can send your stories to the Editor, Blair Publishing, Inc., 9030 W. Sahara Ave. # 422, Las Vegas, NV 89117. All submissions become the property of Blair Publishing, Inc., and up to our discretion to publish them – or not. Either way, we enjoy reading them all.*

Dear Editors:

I thought I was getting off easy. Oh well, I guess I did .

It was a little past seven in the evening when I left my friend's place to return home. I had parked my car down at the next block and was approaching it when I noticed a man wearing a blue uniform standing beside my parked Honda Civic. I wasn't very worried until I got closer and recognised that the person in the uniform was a cop.

Oh damn, I thought, now I'm going to get myself another fucking ticket. And that's going to be the fourth one I've had this month alone.

"Officer!" I called out. "Officer, please stop!"

The cop turned to look at me with a look of surprise in his face. I came to a halt before him, searching for words at the same time gasping for breath.

"Look... umm... I'm sorry. I'm so very sorry for my wrongful parking. Please don't write me another ticket, please."

The cop didn't say anything, he just kept staring at me, his eyes soaking up my hot body in my dress. I was aware of his staring, but my pleading was what filled her head. I leaned towards the officer and placed my hands on his uniform.

"Officer, I'm really, really sorry about this. And so you should know, I'd gladly do anything to get myself out of this mess."

My voice became seductive. "And I mean anything."



## GETTING OFF EASY

"You sure you really mean that?" the officer asked.

"Oh yes." I grabbed his crotch, felt his manhood, which, in two seconds flat, became alive in my hand. In the deep recesses of my mind, I couldn't allow myself to believe that I'd just grabbed a cop – an officer of the law – by his crotch and was right there and then feeling his nuts and shaft in my hand. Never had I ever been so blatantly sensuous with a man, and to think that right now I actually had command of the situation. Right now, she had the power, as her best friend Darla would say.

The cop looked past my shoulder and then turned his head around checking to make sure they were alone on the sidewalk, then unzipped his pants for me. I knelt before him, reached into his pants and pulled

out his erection. I kissed the tip of his cock, gave a sigh of approval, before sinking my mouth all the way on him.

The cop massaged my hair as I went to work on him; he made gasping sounds as I sucked him all the way to the base of his cock before pulling back out. I loved nothing better than sucking cock. I derived bountiful pleasure feeling it grow turgid in my mouth, its mushroom-shaped head touching against the very wall that led further into my throat. But most especially, I loved getting my pussy fucked by a good one. Not just a good one, a real good one.

I moaned in my throat as my mouth and tongue went on working on the cop's cock. Pre-cum seeped from the pore and I licked it up and then applied my tongue to the officer's nuts, popping them one after the other into my mouth as if it were a lollipop.

"Okay, that's enough," the officer growled, pulling her to her feet. "Lean over your car and spread 'em."

"Mmmm," I made a sweet, cooing sound. "I always love a man in a uniform."



I took off my panties and then rested my face over the rooftop of my car. The cop hurriedly undid his pants and let them drop to his ankles as he then pressed himself upon me. He raised my skirt and with his fingers searched for the wet lining that was my pussy; I pushed my ass backward so as to give him more room. Holding onto his cock, he rubbed it up and down against my pussy walls, until, eventually, he found the opening and then pushed in the head of his cock. I grunted when she felt him enter me. He began slow, wiggling his cock inside, letting it get a good feel of its new surrounding.

"Uhhh... " I gave a throaty moan as I began feeling the presence of the officer's cock expanding the walls of my pussy; it made me so incredibly wet. "Oh yeah, officer. Go on, fuck me silly."

"Oh yeah, I'm gonna give it to ya," the officer grunted in reply.

He held me tight by her waistline, giving me gentle, long thrusts of his cock, wanting my pussy to get used to his shaft. When he felt he'd gotten well enough inside, it was then that the fun began. My ass began slapping and bouncing back on his abdomen as he began fucking me earnestly. I was feeling him well and good; I especially loved the dominating control he now had over me. He changed his pace. Still gripping my waistline, he gave me swift pounding one at a time, making me jump against him. I groaned each time he slammed my ass like this. His cock was growing bigger inside me, driving me to the edge.

We were still fucking when an old lady who, passing by, stopped and stared at them with awed eyes. The officer looked at her, annoyed.

"You going to move on, old hag, or you want me too?" he growled at her.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," the old woman muttered as she hurried past them.

I was too caught up in ecstasy to have



heard, let alone bothered to have heard the exchange. I went on slamming my ass backwards, wanting to get as much of the officer's cock in my pussy.

The cop pulled his cock out from me and spun me around. "Time we tried something else," he said. I held up my skirt as he came forward and hiked me off my feet. His breath came out harshly as his hand struggled to fix his cock back inside of me. I wrapped my legs around his waist, one of my sandals slipping off my foot, as I then felt the power of his cock fucking me. The officer's hands grasped my ass, pulling me forward each time his cock slammed into me.

"Ohh... Ohh... yeah," I moaned while I held on tight to him.

Eventually, the officer felt himself about to cum. I sensed this was about to happen.

"Don't cum inside of me," I said to him between throaty gasps. "Please, don't... Uhh... Uhh... don't cum... inside... Ohhh..."

But my pleas came too late as the cop groaned through gritted teeth, holding onto me tightly. I cried out when I felt his semen shoot itself drop after drop all the way into my womb. I felt stars explode before my eyes as a second later I too achieved orgasm.

The cop let me down to my feet slowly. We stood beside each other, both panting like a pair of wild animals. I placed a hand over my pussy and the realisation of what had just happened left me stunned.

"Oh my God. I can't believe you came inside of me. Why the hell did you have to do that?"

The cop didn't have an answer for me, instead, he pulled his pants up and started getting redressed. Less than a moment later, the front door to a house behind them opened and a man wearing a pirate costume came out and glanced their way.

"Tommy, is that you?" the pirate man said as he approached them. "Wow! That's a cute costume you've got there, man. I can almost mistake you for a cop."

I stared at the two of them with stunned amazement. I couldn't believe how stupidly I'd just been played for a sucker. I looked at the man in the cop uniform. "You're... you're not really a cop?" I asked the question with a dumb expression on my face.

The man in the officer's uniform finished buttoning his shirt and grinned sheepishly at me. "Hey babe, don't sweat the costume."





# Kelanna

## Once a Cheater...

Kelanna lived up to the stereotype of the rotten, cheating spouse. She was a trophy wife and used that as license to do pretty much whatever the fuck she wanted. Most days, as soon as her husband left for work, Kelanna was on the phone, arranging her next salacious encounter. In this she was shameless. This is one slut with nary a moral bone in her body - which is all the better for any of her several lovers.

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Of course, it's not difficult to see why she is so popular. While she might not be as young as she used to be, she's still got a smoking body and a perverse appetite that would make the most jaded slut blush.











When she was feeling particularly naughty, she'd screw in their bed, getting a evil thrill about leaving a dirty mess for her unsuspecting hubby.









Boundaries didn't exist for Kelanna and there was absolutely nothing sexual she wouldn't do - aside from be faithful.

















Looks like she's got another sticky mess on her hands.

For a bit of naughty action, next time her husband's out, give her a call.

WorldMags.net **800-308-5347**





Hannah's always been pretty and is the first to let you know that she's some majorly hot stuff. She's won more than her fair share of pageants and been crowned homecoming queen in both high school and college. As a result of her looks, she's gotten used to having things served to her on a silver platter. However, when she met Jake, he treated her with something akin to indifference, which drove her insane. For once in her life, she actually had to work to get what she wanted.






# Hannah

Girl With a Mission







Hannah had never been good at subtlety, so Jake had no misconceptions about what she was after. On some level it amused him - to have such a hot piece of tail chasing after him like he was the hottest stud around.











But even the strongest man has his limits and he could only withstand so much of her wheedling. Besides, he could wait to sample her holes and see if they were as spectacular as the rest of her.





Turns out there was no false advertisement with this gal. Her cunt was singing, as well as her mouth. After all, she had a reputation to uphold.











jake was determined to fully avail himself of her services. Besides, who knows when he might get another opportunity to bang such a well-trained looker.















If you think you'd have a chance with a hot chick like Hannah, give her a call.

**900-537-6725**















## Husband + Girlfriend Makes 3

Melanie decided to do something a little different for her 5th wedding anniversary. She knew that she wasn't always the easiest person to live with, but her husband was a gem and treated her like a queen. She wanted to do something to really blow his socks off. She enlisted the help of her long-time gal-pal, Jennifer. Occasionally, these two would meet up for a some dirty girly sex, so it seemed only fair that her husband should be included in the fun. To say he was thrilled with her generosity would be an understatement.

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Though his wife definitely wasn't lacking in sexual skills, what man wouldn't prefer a steamy threesome with 2 hot and horny ladies?







Melanie couldn't explain it, but she got such a perverse thrill out of watching her husband plunging into her best friend. She only wished they'd done this sooner.





These two made sure to keep him occupied. As it was, there was little he could do but lie back and let them use him as they wished, and use him they did.





















It took all his resolve not to cum as soon as he slid into Jennifer's tight little rectum - but he had other ideas about where he'd like to cum.












Namely all both of their hungry mouths. If you'd like to join the fun next time around, give them a call.

Call:

**900-673-3494**

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# Taryn

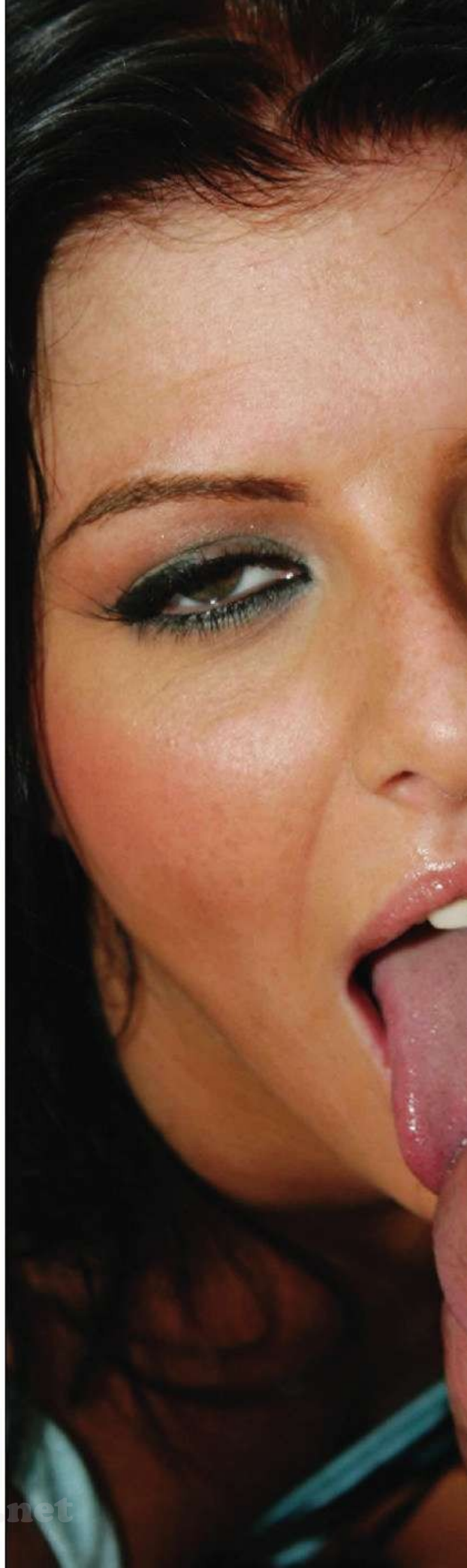
## Reintroducing a Slut

Taryn had always done the opposite of what she should, so it came as no surprise that she went against the advise of her parents and friends and married a real douche. She knew she was making a mistake, but was determined to stand her ground. The years took their toll though and she went from a nasty hottie to an overweight and discontented bore. Recently, she lost the husband, as well as the weight and attitude, and is happy to be back to her old devious ways.











Though she'd always been sexually confident, her marriage had worn her down, so she had her work cut out for her when it came to getting back in the swing of things.



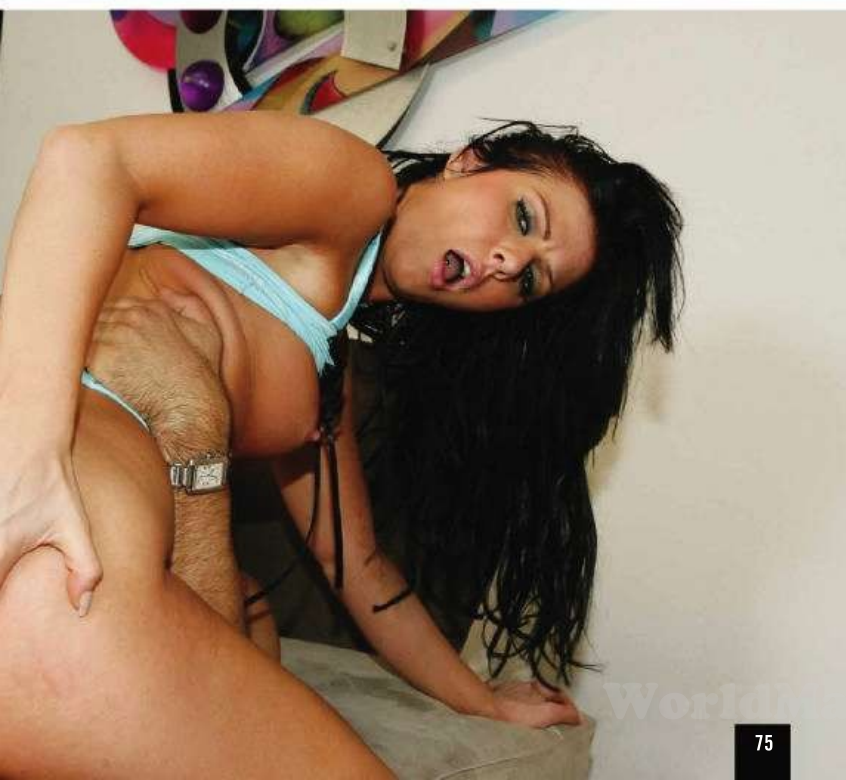








Not that she wasn't up for the challenge. She'd never been known as a prude and the feel of fresh, hard meat was enough to trigger those thrilling sensations of the past.





Taryn isn't one to sit back and let things fall into her lap. She does whatever it takes to get whatever she wants - and what she wants right now is as much sex as possible.























We're always happy to see a rehabilitated nympho, no matter her age.

If you'd like to be the next in line, give her a call.

**800-289-6725**

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# Trina

## The Whore Next Door

Trina was notorious for being a dirty whore. The statement "anything goes" seems to have been base upon her life. This girl hadn't just been around the block a few times, but around the entire fucking city, and at least 20 times, but that's what makes her so much fun. Given the fact that she has so much experience, she often likes her men to take charge and do to her whatever they want. Which suits her just as, so far, she's never tried anything sexual she doesn't like.







Though some men have issues going where many have gone before, when it comes to Trina, they would be cheating themselves out of a completely mind-blowing experience.
















Of course, threesomes are old hat for her. Her well-used and trained holes can accomodate any type of intrusion.



A photograph of a man and a woman in an intimate pose on a white couch. The man, on the left, is shirtless and has his head bowed, resting his chin on the woman's arm. The woman, on the right, is wearing a dark blue top and has a tattoo on her upper arm. She is looking down at her hand, which is resting on her thigh. The man's hand is also visible, resting on the woman's arm. The background is a plain white wall.

Though the guys are probably getting more of a kick out of this than she, she wouldn't have it any other way. Besides, as long as she's getting stuffed, she's perfectly content.











Besides, she's always well rewarded with a good throat fucking. No one can suck cock better and Trina absolutely can't get enough of it.











If you'd like to fuck with the best, give  
her a call.

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## Words To Get You Off

### Polly Wants a Fucker

Polly pulled Greg into the bedroom, smiling. Her breasts ached to feel his mouth on them. Quickly, they both undressed. Now naked, Greg slipped into bed and waited as she faced him and reached behind her to undo her bra. He watched hungrily as she pulled her bra off her heaving chest.

Her breasts, free of their confinement, hung full and beautiful for him to stare at. Polly, her eyes on Greg's face, reached down and pulled her panties off. Then she climbed into bed and snuggled against her lover.

They kissed, Greg caressing her face briefly before taking one of her breasts in his hand. She quivered, her body responding already to the need inside of her. His thumb gently ran over the end of her nipple, and then gave way to his mouth. Leaning into her, Greg took her soft breast into his mouth and began to suckle. Polly gasped, her breathing quickening at once. Sensual sensory overload seemed inevitable. Her legs spread, responding to her desire. Greg slipped his hand between her legs and began to caress the satin folds of her pussy.

In sexual surrender, Polly rolled back on her back. She wanted to kiss him, wanted to please him, and wanted release—all at that moment. Greg suckled and licked her breast for a few more minutes, letting his tongue lovingly lick and flick her nipple. Polly felt a twinge of pleasure in her clit, as if it were waiting for the same treatment. It was soon to come. Greg's fingers were talking to her pussy, now, telling her of his desire. Polly was responding, and her pussy began to get wet. His fingers, one, then two, slipped inside. Polly smiled, the luxurious feeling of pleasure filling her labia.

He pulled his mouth off her breast and looked down at her pussy. Polly spread her legs some more, extending her invitation. Greg moved his head down to join his hand, and

then buried his face between her legs. A sudden need to touch him filled her and she reached under his crouched body and grasped his cock in her hand. Greg groaned quietly. It felt good to have her touch him! She began to stroke his cock. It quivered in her hand. She knew he wanted make love to her; he wanted to be in her, to have her.

Right now, he was having her pussy, and Polly's body had become warm all over. A delicious, electric buzz ran through her. Greg pulled away from her hand, and moved to lie between her legs. She looked down at him. She had thought they would '69', mutually pleasing each other, but it now appeared Greg wanted to feast on her. His hands pressed firmly on her inner thighs, pushing them wider. Polly groaned, waiting for his mouth to be on her. He pressed his mouth to her pussy, and she groaned again. His tongue began to slowly bathe her folds, pushing her labia back. Her clit peeked out in expectancy, and she felt a tingle in it as his tongue licked it. Polly closed her eyes. The increase of pleasure in her loins made it impossible for her to do anything but ride the waves rolling through her. She felt his tongue on her, in her, thrusting firmly in the same wonderful way she knew he would be fucking her later. She wanted him desperately to be in her, but it felt so good to have him licking and sucking her pussy.

She heard him slurp, and realized he had gotten her juices flowing in more ways than one. Greg slid his tongue inside her. His face lay against her inner thigh. He loved the softness of her skin there, and often kissed and licked it, too. Her thighs were the path to her heated love.

Spreading his tongue flat against her folds, he licked up and down, making sure he flicked her clit. He alternated between a firm stroke and light one. Taking a finger, he slipped it inside Polly and curled it upward, stroking her G-spot until she began to move her hips up and down. Now

her pussy began to ache, both from pleasure and from desire. Pleasure filled her body, and her mouth shaped a large "O" for a few minutes before she realized it was open. The electric feeling filling her rose suddenly, and washed over her body in an intense wave of release. Polly groaned out loud, and she heard Greg hungrily licking her juices. She held one of her hands on the back of his head, pressing him to her swollen, wet mound. With her other hand she massaged her breasts, pulling and plucking at her erect nipples. Another wave of pleasure surged through her body, bathing his lips with her juices again.

Greg looked up, happy, intent on pleasing her, and then rose to mount her spread body. Polly smiled happily, and the feel of his cock slipping

kissed passionately. Another wave of pleasure rolled over her, and the sudden release of her juices eased his thrusting even more, and he quickened the pace of his thrusting. Polly lay in surrender beneath her lover, her entire body alive with pleasure and desire and a sudden urge to have his cock in her mouth. She wanted more, even though she was in heaven. As if on cue, Greg answered. He bent his head to her breasts, still thrusting into her, and began suckling once more. A deep fire ran down her body, from her nipple to her pussy, and her joy was complete. The intensity of pleasure in her body increased even more. Another wave hit her, and then she felt Greg tense up. He came inside her, and she felt his cum shoot into her, measured, over and over until he



inside her wet pussy made her smile even more. He lay on her, letting her get the feel of his cock inside her. Her breasts pressed against his chest, her hardened nipples poking into his skin. Then Greg began to fuck her, and she pulled her legs higher as she opened up to him. Pleasure began to rise again in her pussy. She felt the grinding of his body against her clit, and moaned with delight. Now the warmth moved deeper, deep inside her with each wonderful, strong thrust of his cock in and out of her wet heat. He bent his head to hers, and they

was done.

They lay there together, while Polly enjoyed another wave of release. Still on top of her, Greg relaxed and suckled at her breasts. The room was silent, except for the sound of their breathing. Polly rolled her lover off her body, holding Greg in her arms as he continued to lick and suck her breast. She began to stroke his spent manhood. After he had savored her breasts a bit more, she was going to take matters into her own mouth. Polly knew he wouldn't mind.

— A. Subtle



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